

MAY 1936

PRICE 10 CENTS



# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



TWIN MOOSE CALVES IN MANITOBA (See page 68)

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and THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION  
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## An Epitaph

ALAN DEVOE

*He did not have the time to hear  
The silver of a veery's song.  
And now his life-unseeing ear  
Is deaf for long.*

*He did not mark the swallows' flight,  
Or bloodroots blossoming in May.  
And now the miracle of sight  
Is fled away.*

*He never knew a love expressed  
Within the eyes of any beast.  
Now the beating of his breast  
Forever ceased.*

*The wild geese fly against the sun,  
In tamaracks the veeries call.  
And he is gone, his life is done;  
Almost he never lived at all.*

## Bird Paradise

EMORY WARD

TEN miles west of the coast of Mexico  
rise five small islands making up the  
Coronado group and which include the most  
exclusive bird sanctuary in the world. In  
this rugged bit of paradise rising sharply  
from the sea, no mammals are tolerated,  
and with the exception of a few scientific  
parties, even man has not trespassed upon  
this bird empire.

Because of their strategical position for  
smuggling, the islands are protected by the  
Mexican government and guarded by the  
United States, thereby making it difficult  
for visitors to examine the islands. Nat-  
uralists who have explored the region have  
estimated that the residents number more  
than 100,000 winged dwellers.

One of the most remarkable features of  
the bird paradise is the manner in which it  
is automatically divided into zones or dis-  
tricts, each inhabited exclusively by one  
variety of bird. The only exceptions to this  
"zoning" feature are the gulls who prey on  
the other birds and live on any section of  
the islands. Otherwise, the various breeds  
stay consistently in their own restricted  
zones.

Nature's method of preserving her wild  
life is evident in the cone-shaped eggs of  
the island gulls. Laid on the rocky ridges  
that characterize the group of islands, the  
eggs frequently roll from their lodging, but  
being of a conical contour they roll in cir-  
cles and eventually come back to their  
original position.

The several flocks of California quail who  
likewise inhabit the island paradise have  
long puzzled the scientists. If the quail mi-  
grated to the island from their home on the  
Californian mainland, then they must have  
flown at least ten miles over the open sea.  
If they were a part of the island when it  
broke away from the mainland as the  
geologists suggest, then the California birds  
have resided on the island for more than  
10,000 years. For that, according to the  
geologists, is the time when the supposed  
separation took place.

## Byron and Animals

AMELIA WOFFORD

HE took the dogs with him on a pleas-  
ure trip to Harrogate. And the bear  
went with him to Trinity College, Cam-  
bridge. "A new friend; the finest in the  
world," he said in a letter.

On his return from his first travels  
abroad, pictured in "Childe Harold," he  
brought back with him a Dutch mastiff, a  
roebuck, three land tortoises from Greece,  
a monkey, and a civet cat. With these for-  
eign guests, he had some hedgehogs and a  
goat. His secretary gave the goat away.  
When his lordship learned of this unli-  
censed liberty, he set immediately about re-  
covering the animal.

On his second visit abroad, which follow-  
ed his wife's separation from him, his pal-  
ace in Venice was alive and noisy with song-  
birds, a hawk, a tamed crow, and a motley  
collection of animals. The animals were  
two bull-terriers, the "very ugly dog"  
bought in Switzerland, several monkeys, a  
caged wolf, two cats, and a fox.

Later, when Shelley visited Byron, he  
saw on the grand staircase five peacocks,  
three guinea fowls, an Egyptian crane,  
"witnesses of the 'unarbitrated' quarrels  
of the monkeys, the cats, the crow, and the  
falcon."

"My lord may be very odd, but he has  
a good heart," once said Fletcher, Lord  
Byron's English valet.

A good heart he had for his pets. He  
was always heedful of their welfare. The  
monkeys must be kept in their warm quar-  
ters when the weather was cold. He was  
concerned about the lame leg of the crow;  
"wonder how it happened—some fool must  
have stepped on his toe," he wrote in his  
journal. He could forgive injuries to him-  
self while remembering them, but always  
he remembered a Colonel Carr's breaking  
a rib of one of his dogs, and never forgave  
him.

Among Lord Byron's few pleasant mem-  
ories of the England he left "without re-  
gret" was the roast goose of the Michaelmas  
dinner. Though in a foreign land he must  
have one on that day. Of the desired  
plumpness the goose must be, and so with  
his own hands he fed it. Fortunately for  
the goose, he became very fond of it, and  
he had another take its place on the din-  
ner table. He took it with him on his  
travels, in a basket hung under his carriage.  
Feeling it should not be deprived of the  
companionship of its kind, he carried with  
it several geese. At Missolonghi, on his  
fatal expedition to aid the Greeks in their  
war against the Turks, he spent a stormy  
night in the hold of the vessel, trying to  
quiet the terrified horses. When Boatswain  
was seized with the rabies, he cared for  
him; wiping off the foam on his lips, re-  
gardless of the danger or ignorant of it.

Of all animals, dogs had the strongest  
claim on Lord Byron's affection, they pos-  
sessing "all the Virtues of Man without  
his Vices" for so said the epitaph he had  
carved on the monument he erected in New-  
stead garden to Boatswain's memory.

# Our Dumb Animals

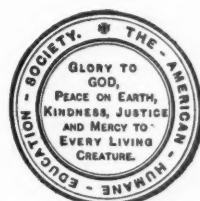
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for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919  
Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 69

May, 1936

No. 5

A great money-making business! Recently, so *The Plain Truth* tells us, the state of Missouri licensed two hunters to go out hunting quail. They paid \$3.50 each for the license and killed nearly 1,000 quail, quoted as worth \$3 each. And every one of these quail was worth more than that as an insect destroyer to the farmers of Missouri.

That an unusually large number of birds have died this past winter from severe cold and lack of food seems most probable. We are told that an investigation is being carried on at Ann Arbor to discover how far the death rate of birds is increased by cold and lack of food and how it may be possible to provide against these causes.

A small zoo of some hundred animals in a neighboring state was wiped out by the recent flood. Only one bear, we are told, escaped. One can but feel pity for the poor wild creatures who must have been terrified by the rushing torrent as it rose into their cages, but there is also the comfort in knowing that their unnatural life of captivity and imprisonment is over.

During 1935 our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals dealt with 846,575 animals. There were actually examined 69,214. There passed under inspection at stock-yards 715,222. Small animals to the number of 21,200 were gathered up as lost or unwanted. Placed in homes 1,788; restored to owners, 690. Hospital cases, 9,510; cases brought to Hospital clinic, 28,951.

Reports from northern sections of the United States tell us that many deer have died from starvation during the bitter days of the winter of 1935-1936. Scouting parties have come upon herds so near to death that they have simply stood still in their tracks or refused to get to their feet when approached by man. But these deer are the ones which, had they lived, would have been the prey of the hunter next open season.

## War

Everyone knows what Sherman said about war. But what Sherman knew about war was about as much as men of his day knew about electricity. The last war was horrible enough with its deadly devices—gigantic tanks crushing everything before them and flaming with shot and shell; poisonous gases spreading death far and wide; airplanes dropping bombs over defenseless cities and towns. Regard for innocent men, women and children non-combatants? None whatever. Before the end of the last war everything that human ingenuity could devise to maim, torture, murder soldier or citizen on the side of the enemy was used as if pity, compassion, regard for human life had no place in the souls of men.

The next war! It seems impossible that there can be men mad enough, dehumanized enough, brutal enough, to allow such a thing, not to say declare it. But should another modern war come, it would break upon the world with atrocities and horrors before which fiends of the pit, should such creatures exist, might stand aghast. There are now fire bombs so deadly, and yet so light, that a single two-ton bomber, we are told, could carry and drop over a defenseless city without warning 2,000 of them. These immediately upon falling on street or roof burst into a liquid fire at a temperature of over 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Even a small airplane could drop scores of them and set a city on fire in as many places. Deadlier and deadlier gases are being studied in the war laboratories of every civilized—God save the mark—nation of the earth.

Who, facing these facts, will not strive by every means in his power to further every peace movement that makes its appeal to him? It seems quite believable that another war, with these latest inventions of death and destruction, might easily leave in ashes great cities of the contending nations and kill millions of citizens far from any battle

line and mean the very suicide of the contending nations.

What shall we do? Talk peace. Give for peace. Work for peace. Pray God for peace.

## The Suffering Behind Them

To many, "furs" mean nothing but something to wear. To many they also tell a story that makes the heart sick. The vast majority of the wild things of the woods and streams, seeking their food, little conscious of the enemy who had planned for their destruction, were suddenly startled, then gripped as the steel trap snapped and seized them to torture till death or the trapper's gun or club ended their misery. Were all the torment endured to be gathered into one great total, it would appall a heart of stone. Think of these figures from one country alone—the United Kingdom of Great Britain: The Board of Trade at London reports that the value of the furs imported into the United Kingdom during 1935 was approximately \$39,162,220. Little heeded on earth, the cries of the millions whose lives were taken must have made angels weep.

The friends of the American Fondouk at Fez will be delighted to know that a most generous lover of animals has sent us a check which will make possible the finest kind of ambulance for our work at Morocco. It will be of sufficient size to take care of the small and large animals, carry the necessary first aid equipment, and greatly add to our facilities for meeting the demands of the suffering animals in that North African city.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application. Readers are reminded that we are always ready to send free sample copies to prospective subscribers.





VICTIMS OF OIL POLLUTION FOUND ON A CAPE COD BEACH BY OFFICER HAROLD G. ANDREWS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

## The Moose Twins

W. J. BANKS

THE moose twins appear to consist largely of noses, ears and soft bright eyes as they peek out from the underbrush of their favorite thicket in the wilds of Manitoba. It seems hard to believe that such gentle little babes as these could grow up as huge bull moose, monarchs of the North American forests and swampy bushlands. But, as a matter of fact, even adult moose are really mild, inoffensive folk.

Of course the bulls and cows must be treated at times with careful respect. But generally speaking the moose are the most tractable as well as the largest of the deer people. Easily tamed, they have been broken to harness often. Probably in parts of America the moose would have been domesticated but for the fact that they sicken and die upon the diet available in close captivity, which is another argument to prove nature's intention that the wild folk should be left in their natural freedom.

The moose babies, often twins and occasionally triplets, are born in some sheltered thicket late in May. Gaunt and ungainly, long-legged and awkward, the infants lie hidden at first while mother stays near and visits them often. In a few days they are ready for limited travel and what appears to them as adventure. Mother moose wastes no time in conducting them to the near-by swamp, lake or river, for the moose is so at home in water that he might almost be called amphibious.

Soon the babes begin to supplement their milk diet with the tenderest leaves and water plants. A browsing animal, the moose seldom feeds on grasses which indeed he finds hard to reach without folding up his long front legs. He nibbles upon trees and bushes, but loves best the tender, juicy plants which grow under water. The moose twins watch their mother throw her rump in the air like a duck, plunge her head down and come up with a mouthful of tasty food. Then they learn to do the same.

Upon the approach of danger, real or fancied, the twins, if near water, plunge in and submerge themselves, except for the tips of their noses. Then they feel much safer, especially since mother is standing guard on shore, ears back and hoofs pawing the ground like an angry horse. It would be a perverted human mind indeed that could think of harming so charming a little family.

## John Galsworthy on Zoos

Take another question—that of zoos. We of our generation were brought up to accept zoos as pure delight. I would like to see our children brought up to see them as they are . . . To see those free-roaming beasts going up and down, up and down; to look at the big apes sitting dejected; to watch the eagles and condors, to whom a mile of air is as nothing, perched up moping and motionless hour after hour—very statues of winged grief—has become to me one of the saddest and most disgusting sights in the world. Isn't there enough confinement and utter boredom on this earth, without adding to it in this light-hearted way, for our enjoyment, save the mark! I should like our children brought up to feel and understand that beasts have lives of their own and natural instincts which demand satisfaction, brought up to rebel, instead of just gaping, and saying: "Oh! look at the tiger!" "Look at the eagle!" when they see untamable creatures of jungle and air enclosed within a few yards of wire.

We shall never get conditions changed, and a different way of regarding the brute creation into the world's head, till we teach our children to think about things, and to treat animals as they themselves would be treated.

What does it mean that nearly two-thirds of a million people have joined the Jack London Club, sponsored by *Our Dumb Animals*? It means just this: that there is a rapidly growing sentiment in this country against the cruelties connected with trained animal acts on stage and screen.

## "But the Expense!"

MINNE LEONA UPTON

*They drift on the sighing waves,  
They creep to the silent sand,  
But either way lies death!  
They yield their laboring breath—  
They cannot understand!*

*Down to their friendly sea  
They came, to seek their meat—  
What help? A hideous spell  
Had made their home a hell,  
In frightfulness complete!*

*Over their ancient fields  
A clutching horror lay!  
Oh, men who still refuse  
The one right way to use,  
Spew filth\*—and sail away!*

*"Mourn for the thousands slain!"  
"Slaughter of innocents!"  
How shall we tell, at the end,  
Their Maker and their Friend:  
"Help was too great expense!"*

\*Black waste oil is discharged from oil-burning ships.

## The Horse Faces a "New Day"

PETER REMMY

IF we harbor in our mind the suspicion that this is a "mechanized age" we should disabuse ourselves of that thought. For the horse is not only coming back, but it faces a new day of superior development, increased strength, vitality, beauty.

Recently I visited a county fair in ranching country. Instead of the motor trucks I expected to see, I saw horse-drawn vehicles, from carriage to truck. At the fair there was a parade of such "old time" wagons—but they were mostly new, and in actual use. Some were drawn by four horses, others by six, and one wagon of a rancher was drawn by sixteen fine horses, shining and well-groomed. This undoubtedly was teamed up for the occasion, but it certainly made a concrete impression!

For awhile the breeding of fine horses seemed to falter as we watched the "machine age" enter our lives. But now it is proved that the horse cannot be replaced for many uses, and increased attention is being given his perpetuation and his better breeding. Such a place is the Arabian horse ranch which is a part of the University of California, at Pomona, California. Here have been gathered one-fourth of the horses having Arabian blood in America, and under the guidance of the University of California the study and improvement of horse breeding takes on academic standing. Here there is a cordial welcome found for visitors and thousands take advantage of it. Drop in yourself, when you can!

The next annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held at the Rice Hotel, Houston, Texas, from September 28 to October 1, inclusive, 1936. It seems especially fitting for the humane forces of the country to convene in Texas during the centennial celebration.

## The Wisdom of Geese

JACK MINER

I HAVE said that in some ways birds had brains superior to ours. Let me try and explain myself. The ponds on my bird sanctuary are so small in comparison to the North American continent, that no words can express the proportion of them to the millions of square miles of land and water of North America. Even the point of the finest needle pressed on the map of this continent would represent several square miles; so again, I say, these ponds, which comprise only a couple of acres on my bird sanctuary, cannot be measured or proportioned to the North American continent.

It is a well-known fact that since 1909 I have been tagging ducks, and since 1915 have tagged over eight thousand Canada geese, which represent approximately forty tons of honkers that have gone through my hands and had an aluminum tag placed on their legs, in order to study their routes of migration — but what else has it proved? It has proved that these same birds came back to these same mud holes year after year for feed and protection and kindness, that I try to give them. It further proves that they know a friend from an enemy; proves that they know a place of safety and rest, or in other words, where to go for a breathing spell. But the big thing it proves is that they have been given brains, knowledge or sense, that without the aid of compasses, instruments or such like, they can get up during early October at the Arctic Circle, with their family following in single file, and in a short time come circling down on these little artificial ponds of mine, where they know they are safe; and in the early part of March, the ones that have escaped the deadly aim of sportsmen along the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic seaboard, rise up out of range of shot and shell and keep at that great height till they land back at this spot of safety. The tagging system has proved they come here from as far north as Great Slave Lake and Baffin Land, as far west as British Columbia, as far east as Labrador, New Jersey and the Atlantic coast, and as far south as Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and the Gulf coast.

How many human beings, with an aero-

plane, or dropped down in these localities, could, without aid of compass or other instruments and only depending on their own brains, even find their way to such a small spot; and, if they did, now long would it take? I am afraid some of them would be glad to have some goose brains to even bring them out of such desolate places in northern regions to civilization.

## The Hardy, Horned Lark

FERN BERRY

WE hear a lot about semi-hardy plants and flowers but seldom do we use that term in speaking of birds. There is one bird that might well be called semi-hardy for while it does leave for the South in the late autumn it returns to build its nest long before other summer birds ever think of returning. It often arrives in late February or early in March. This bird is the prairie horned lark. It will build, in a slight depression on the ground, a nest of grasses and vegetable fibers and often a snow-storm will completely cover the nest. The young birds often suffer death or loss from this exposure. However, the eggs and tiny birds seem rather hardy.

The prairie horned lark is so named for the tiny "horns" on either side of the head. These are black tufts of feathers and are erected when the bird is startled or angry. Another interesting thing about the horned lark is that it never hops but runs about the ground like a small feathered mouse. It gets its food from the ground, eating weed seeds and some insects. Its song is rather a weak performance. It loves the open country and will fly from post to post or before an automobile, often uttering its song from a clod of earth.

In mating season the horned lark will fly to an elevation of from fifty to one hundred feet in the air and may sing while at this height but its voice is rather feeble at that distance. The female usually raises more than one brood each year. The first brood more often than not is destroyed by the severe weather. It is not uncommon to find a horned lark's nest as you walk across the fields, still patched with snow-banks or with tiny fairy-like mirrors of ice.

## Nixon Waterman Says:

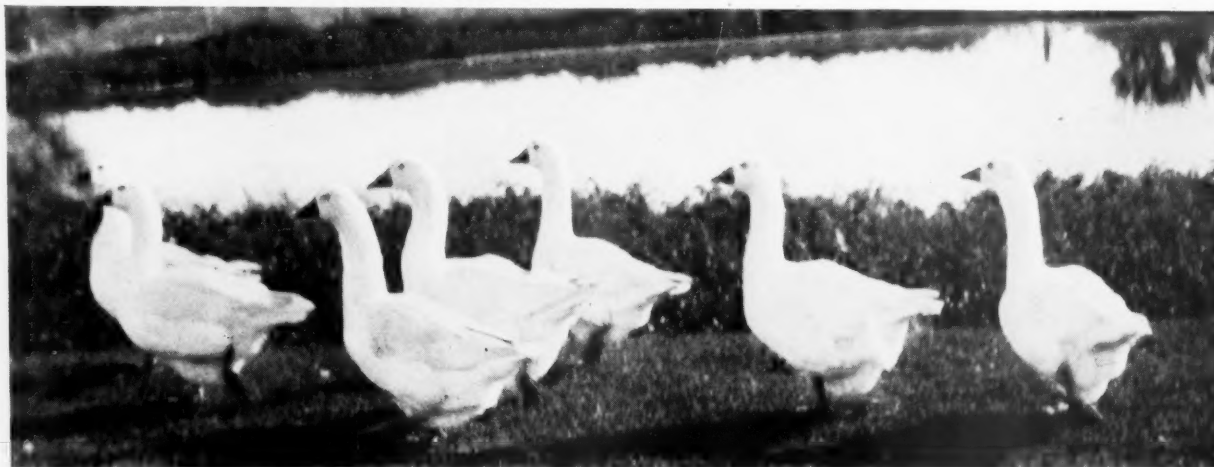
DOUBTLESS the robin's song is more generally known and appreciated by all our people than that of any other of our wild birds. There is scarcely a home in any section that is blessed with a fair showing of trees, but there is a robin's nest within hearing distance. It is fortunate for all that the robin's song is so cheerful, inspiring and uplifting. Heard in the morning it tends to brace one up for the day's work ahead. Heard in the evening, it is solacing and rest-begetting. All of this was deeply impressed on my mind when, one spring some years ago, a pair of robins decided to build a nest in one of my orchard trees. My pleasure at noting we were to have such agreeable neighbors was sorely lessened when Mr. Robin began singing his love song. It was strangely different from the normal song of the robin. It was the saddest grouping of bird notes I have ever heard. Even the notes of the mourning dove were hopefully cheering in comparison with it. But although the bird's notes were very sad, his appearance and movements were as bright and chipper as a robin's should be. Usually I much regret the cessation of the robins' singing, but I was frank enough to say I was glad when that bird's sojourn with us was at an end and he and his fellows winged their way toward the Southland. I often wondered by what strange circumstance or freak of fortune he came by such a sad song. And did he and his mate think the song just as beautiful as the song all the other robins were singing? I hoped they did. But ever since hearing that sad song I have always felt grateful for the beauty and cheerfulness that render so gladsome the notes of the great company of robins that with the departure of winter come gaily bringing the springtime on their wings.

## For Dog Owners

"They say dogs are so smart they can find their way home from long distances."

"That depends. If you are trying to get rid of the dog, he can. But if you have a good one he is likely to get lost if he gets out of your sight."

—Pathfinder



"HONK, HONK, HONK," THE GEESE ARE MARCHING

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1936

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## The Merciless Poultrymen

Raising poultry in glass jars is a refinement of cruelty that no man worthy of respect would indulge in. Pictures of this practice have appeared in many papers, and these pictures have even been reproduced in Europe. Some American has had himself photographed with young hens confined in glass containers. Several humane societies have given notice that any such practice will be subjected to prosecution. We cannot believe that this sort of thing has the slightest chance of surviving the public protest against it. Furthermore, we are wholly opposed to the all-too-prevailing methods of many poultrymen in shutting hens up for long periods in such narrow quarters that all exercise is impossible. Of course, the purpose of this is to turn the poor creatures into egg-laying machines with no thought for their comfort or pleasure. Such methods are contrary to nature. It is like tying up for months at a time cows in stanchions, never giving them the life of the pasture and the open air. Animals were never made to be treated as one might treat a piece of machinery. Whatever health authorities say about it, we refuse to believe that milk or eggs produced under these unnatural and inhumane conditions can be of the highest grade. At least we should never buy them if we knew it.

## The Dog and the Crow

A friend writes us, "Just next door to me there lives a family of several children, and the children have a large black dog. This dog is not only a playmate for the children, he also has had a special playmate of his own—a tame crow. This crow for a long while followed the dog wherever he went. Sometimes he would jump on the dog's back and ride a while. Then he would fly along near him, or hop along behind him. If the dog ever disappeared without the crow, the crow would sit around the house or yard and wait for the dog's return. Alas, one day I missed the crow. What happened? Someone with a gun had shot him. Poor little crow, we all miss him."

## How Many Horses Left?

THE final figures on horses and mules, census of January 1, 1935, are just issued. Total number of horses 11,857,850, mules 4,818,160.

The last estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture reports on January 1, 1936, a decrease of about 2% in horses and 3% in mules. The value per head of all horses and colts on January 1, 1936, was \$96.79 compared with \$77.05 on January 1, 1935. This was the highest January 1 value since 1921. The total value of horses for this year is estimated at \$1,126,400,000 compared with \$913,870,000 a year ago.

The horse production is reported as definitely on the upgrade, as horse colts under two years of age showed an increase of 140,670, or more than 14%, over colts of the same age reported by the census of 1930. The decrease in mule colts has been 30% less than mule colts of the same age reported by the census of 1930.

## The Thermometer and the Cricket

Those who read on the Children's Page of the February issue of *Our Dumb Animals* the article entitled "Crickets as Thermometers" by Norman C. Schlichter will be interested in reading the following from Miss Katharine Tousey, who suggests a correction in the method of determining the temperature from the chirps of the crickets:

"This formula for finding the temperature Fahrenheit by the snowy tree cricket, as in C.W. Townsend's book, 'Beach Grass,' I have found to be correct. He counts the number of chirps in  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a minute and adds 39. Your formula is evidently impossible, because on a hot day, say 80°F., the cricket never could chirp 40 times a second, and if it could you could not count it. I hope you will print the right formula in *Our Dumb Animals*, as telling the right temperature by the crickets is such a fascinating thing to do."

The safest nation in the world, we are called. An ocean to east of us, an ocean to west of us. Yet we are planning to spend for the Navy Department for 1936, \$630,000,000, and for the Army \$304,500,000, nearly a billion dollars. This is more than Great Britain and Japan together are spending on their armies and navies, and how little our chances of war compared with theirs!

We are glad to report that the Woolworth Stores have stopped selling toy guns and pistols. We congratulate them. The sentiment against the sale of such toys is rapidly growing. Concerning this the *Christian Science Monitor* says:

Apart from the physical danger, however, the universal wish for peace is not furthered by fostering a fondness for weapons which are usually used for mimic warfare or imitation of the cowardly acts of gangsters.

## Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)  
The American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name .....  
Age .....  
Address .....

A correspondent sends us what she believes a thoroughly authenticated story of a little eleven-year-old girl in Oskosh, Wisconsin, who came down with mumps. A few days later her pet fox terrier who had been keeping her company since her illness followed suit with what was said to be the same trouble. It has been said that humans sometimes contract diseases from animals and a few cases are on record where it has appeared as if it worked the other way. There is a disease, however, that causes a swelling in the throat of a dog which closely resembles mumps but it is not due to the same cause.

## Strange but True

Mrs. Nellie P. Tobey, of Great Barrington, confirms the strange story we saw in the newspaper by a personal letter to us. The story was that she had a cat named "Joe" that had made friends with a little mouse. She says, "The mouse came out into the room, became acquainted with the cat and they played together, running around the room, and when the mouse, which was a very tiny one, grew tired he hid somewhere until rested. Then he would come out again, climb on the arm of the chair where I was sitting, jump to the floor and play would begin again. I closed the house last autumn and I am wondering if Joe will find his playmate when we go back in the spring."

Well, Joe must be at least a fine cat to treat his little playmate with so much courtesy.

## Moving Picture Houses and Be Kind to Animals Week

Ninety-five trailers carrying the words "THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS URGES YOU TO OBSERVE BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, APRIL 19-25" were sent out to 95 moving picture houses in Massachusetts, which, having been visited by our officers, agreed to attach them to their films during that week. This involved no little work, securing the agreement to use the trailers which we furnished, but we are confident it was worthwhile.



# Heroic Work of Our Branch During Flood

The Doctors at Our Springfield Hospital and Their Associates, Often Risking Their Lives, Rescued, Fed and Cared for Hundreds of Animals

HOWARD NOBLE

PERHAPS for the first time in the history of the humane movement in America, the devastating flood which descended upon Springfield, Massachusetts, and the whole Connecticut Valley, in March, presented an opportunity for organized effort devoted wholly to the saving of animal life. With thousands of persons made homeless by the inundating waters, the attention of the public was naturally focussed upon the preservation of human life and the serving of human needs; but hand-in-hand with that great work, there was carried on by the Springfield branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals an equally effective campaign to preserve the city's lesser creatures.

Ordinarily in times of flood or other great catastrophe, domestic animals are left pretty much to shift for themselves. Not through indifference or heartlessness, but because there have existed in the stricken areas no organized forces to cope with the situation. Often such disasters occur in out-of-the-way places. There happened to be in Springfield, however, an organization adequate to the emergency, and the story of its accomplishments is well worth the telling.

## Springfield Hard Hit

As members of the Society know, the Springfield branch has a hospital that has been developed along lines similar to those of the much larger Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, to take care of the needs



BRANCH OF THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., 53-57 BLISS STREET, SPRINGFIELD. THIS BUILDING HOUSED THE ANIMAL REFUGEES OF THE GREAT FLOOD AS DESCRIBED HERE

of that community. The work of the branch has been growing constantly, with the growth of the public's appreciation of its resources. It was not, of course, equipped to handle the enormous burden of work thrust upon it by the flood, any more than were the agencies in that city devoted to human needs. The manner in which it nevertheless accomplished its job is the reason for this narrative.

Springfield was one of the hardest hit cities within the country's flooded areas this spring. Between a point east of Main Street and the Connecticut River, for a distance of perhaps two miles, the city lay under water for a week; and across the river, in West Springfield, a district nearly as large was equally afflicted. The Connecticut was on the worst rampage in its history. Water eight to ten feet deep swirled through many streets with the force of a stream in freshet, making navigation by small craft extremely dangerous. Extensive business districts were inundated and rendered useless for the time being, and thousands of dwellings were made uninhabitable. At the first descent of the flood, people fled for their lives to the higher land east of the river, necessarily leaving behind them thousands of their household pets and domestic animals. The human refugees were housed in churches, school buildings, halls and other public buildings, and were fed, clothed and taken care of by the city's various social agencies and by the Red Cross. The extent of the disaster is indicated by a recent news dispatch which said that 6,000 families must be given rehabilitation aid.

But what of the lesser creatures caught in the catastrophe? Of course, many were

drowned. The loss of animal life was considerable, but it was not so large as usual under such circumstances. For once in the annals of such affairs, the occurrence of a bad flood and the existence of the efficient animal welfare organization coincided.

## Like Noah's Ark

At the hospital on Bliss Street, when the rampant Connecticut River invaded the city, was a force of nine persons, consisting of Dr. Alexander R. Evans, and Dr. H. L. Smead, the two veterinarians, Fred F. Hall, the Society's prosecuting officer for Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin counties; Clifford Kelley, Wallace Downhill, Owen Downhill and Harold Clement, hospital attendants; and Miss Mary E. J. Smith and Miss Cecilia Wynn, office staff. After the first day or two, Howard Willand, one of the Boston prosecuting officers, was sent to Springfield to help out. The entire work thus fell upon the shoulders of eight men and two women.

On Wednesday, March 18, the first of the refugee animals began to trickle into the hospital. Cats and dogs mostly, brought in by their owners who had taken time by the forelock and removed their pets from the threatened area. The hospital had its usual quota of regular patients, but quarters were found for the newcomers. Before the day ended, it became apparent that the city was in for a bad time. Hour by hour the Connecticut rose to unprecedented heights. The doctors and their associates scurried around and secured a rowboat and a canoe. Every sort of craft was at a premium. By midnight the hospital began to take on the aspect of Noah's Ark.



PUMP AT WORK REMOVING WATER FROM BASEMENT OF ANIMAL HOSPITAL, SPRINGFIELD

### All Vote to Stay

Thursday morning, the nineteenth, dogs, cats, canaries, rabbits and other small animals in large numbers were taken to the hospital by their owners and the police, and three of the assistants, accompanied by Dr. Smead and Officer Hall, went out in the boats and began the active rescue work. During the day, with the water pouring into the cellar, the staff was ordered to abandon the hospital as unsafe, but every man on the force and the two girls voted to stay, the police and the National Guard notwithstanding. The place was full to overflowing with animals, but somewhere, somehow, space was always found for others as they arrived.

At this time, water surrounded Bliss Street at both the Main Street and the Columbus Avenue ends, and had approached to within about 75 feet of the hospital. It never actually invaded the building, which sits on land a little higher than the general neighborhood. The water in the cellar was caused by a backflow from the sewer. There was water enough, however, to put the heating system out of commission. The heater was disconnected and the motor was moved to the second floor. From that time on, the doctors and the helpers worked in the cold. The electric light system went out of business at midnight, and recourse was had to candles and kerosene lamps.

Late Thursday night an incident occurred that might have led to loss of human life. Mr. Hall, accompanied by Wallace Downhill and Harold Clement, took the rowboat and went to a store on South Columbus Avenue to rescue a large number of hens marooned there. Crates full of hens were stored in the boat, and then it was found there was room for but two men. Clement told the others he would remain until they returned for him.

### In the Nick of Time

The water was rising rapidly. When the boat left with the hens, it could pass through the door; but Clement saw that the room would be completely flooded by the time it got back, so he built a rough pyramid of empty crates and as the water rose he added to it. Fortunately, plenty of



Photo by H. P. Beaudrin

### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICER, FRED F. HALL, AND ASSISTANT RESCUING AN IMPERILED HORSE FROM A FLOODED STABLE

crates were floating around and he managed to keep fairly secure. When the flood reached the top of the doorway, he smashed open a glass transom and was prepared either to swim for his life in the dark, in ice-cold water, or to try to climb up a water spout to the floor above. The water in the store was then nine feet deep. When finally rescued, Clement was in a position not greatly different from that of a rat in a submerged trap.

After Hall and Downhill had delivered the hens to the hospital and had started back to get Clement, they were stopped by the police and told they could not proceed to the place in question. Orders had gone forth that absolutely nobody was to go in there that night. The police promised to rescue Clement themselves, and they did

so about midnight—none too soon.

Up to Friday morning, March 20, some 20-odd cages of animals were still being housed in the basement, well up from the water. They were then moved upstairs in spite of the congestion there, as it was felt unwise to take any further risk. On the main floor there were 40 cages, with two or three animals in a cage, and dogs scattered all over the place, tied to the cage-legs in the wards. Lacking regular cages for the accommodation of so many, recourse was had to strawberry crates, hen crates and all sorts of boxes. The exercise yard was congested with animals, also the garage. "Room for one more" became the slogan of the day, although at times it seemed impossible to live up to it, so fast came the arrivals.



OFFICER FRED F. HALL OF MASS. S. P. C. A. SPRINGFIELD, HIS CAR AND THE CANOE USED IN RESCUING ABANDONED ANIMALS



HOMELESS VICTIMS HERDED IN THE COURT OF THE ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL AT SPRINGFIELD





CLIFFORD KELLEY, RESCUED BY DR. SMEAD FROM THE SEETHING WATERS WHEN THEIR BOAT CAPSIZED

#### No Light—No Heat

Late afternoon of Friday witnessed the rescue of a horse, made by Mr. Hall and one of the men. The water in the stable, at 58 Loring Street, was between four and five feet deep, so the poor beast was pretty well submerged. The flood was pouring through the barn with the force of a mill-stream. The boat shot through with a rush. The horse was cut loose from its stall with difficulty. The animal was half crazed with fright, and there was a lot of trouble getting it out of the barn. It was finally towed to dry land and was rubbed down and properly cared for.

For two days now there had been no electric light and no heat. It was impossible to conduct clinics, and only emergency cases were operated on. The instruments were sterilized on the gas stove in the diet kitchen. The gas supply never once failed throughout the flood, nor did the telephone—two immense boons, the lack of which would have spelled serious trouble. Two cats had kittens. A dog gave birth to her puppies. A rabbit bore eight little ones. All the mothers were doing nicely, thank you.

Saturday morning, March 21, members of the Springfield branch Women's Auxiliary, and other kind friends began to receive many of the refugee animals into their homes, thus relieving some of the congestion at the hospital. Quite a few animal lovers, in no way connected with the Society, had telephoned they were willing to help out, so as fast as people arrived with their pets they were shunted off to the homes of these good people. There was never any food shortage at the hospital. Hundreds of pounds of meat were received, and an ample supply of milk, grains and other animal rations.

#### A Thrilling Incident

At 4.30 that afternoon, Dr. Smead, Mr. Hall and Clifford Kelley were over in the West Springfield district in a rowboat, rescuing animals. They had secured a dog,

two cats and two canaries and had reached the corner of Main and Day Streets, on their way home, where they got into serious trouble. The water was eight feet deep in the streets, and it was tearing through like a turbulent river. In spite of all they could do, their craft, thrown against a telephone pole, capsized.

When they came to the surface, Dr. Smead and Mr. Hall managed to get their arms around the pole and held on. They were then able to climb up the pole on the spikes put there for the linesmen. Kelley was not so fortunate. He was unable to swim a stroke. The force of the current may be gaged by the fact that he was swept against the side of a business building, 75 feet away, before he could drown. Beyond the corner of the building was a broad expanse of water, with no other refuge in sight. Luckily, Kelley managed to grasp the second-story window-sill as he was borne along. For a few minutes he held on, encouraged by the shouts of his companions on the pole. Finally, the watchers saw him shake his head.

Without further ado, Dr. Smead dove into the flood and swam to Kelley's relief. The young man afterward said he could not have held on much longer. The distance was not great and Dr. Smead made a swimming sprint of it. Grasping Kelley, he managed with his free hand to pull himself and his burden against the current into a position where they could work their bodies over the window-sill to a place of temporary safety. When they recovered their breath and looked around, they saw the dog sitting on a neighboring window-ledge. The cats and the canaries were never seen

again.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hall, from his perch on the telephone pole, was blowing lustily on his police whistle. After what seemed like an age, a naval reserve crew came steaming in sight and rescued the men—and the dog! Kelley was hospitalized for 24 hours, but it was several days before he was able to resume work. Dr. Smead and Mr. Hall came out of the affair without any bad effects. In estimating the seriousness of the incident, it must be remembered that the water into which they were plunged had the temperature almost of ice.

#### A Hard Problem Solved

Sunday, March 22, found conditions at the hospital somewhat improved. Many of the animals had been removed to temporary homes, and those among them that were very sick or had been badly injured were painlessly put to sleep. All the others were doing nicely. The water in the basement was three feet deep in the fire-pit, and the building was still without electricity or heat. Fortunately, the weather was not cold, and it remained at a fairly even temperature throughout the entire period of the flood.

On this day the Board of Health and the Police Department commissioned the S. P. C. A. workers to feed the animals marooned in houses and stores throughout the flooded area. Hundreds of owners had been seeking permission to visit their pets and had been turned down because of the danger to life and health. The authorities hailed the advent of the S. P. C. A. into this work as a happy solution to a perplex-



DINNER TIME FOR HUNGRY REFUGEES AT THE BLISS STREET HOSPITAL. DOGS OF ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS ARE BEING FED BY ATTENDANT HAROLD CLEMENT AND DR. A. R. EVANS



**HAROLD CLEMENT'S LOVE FOR DOGS IS MUTUAL. THESE ARE THREE HE HELPED TO RESCUE**

ing problem. Householders by the scores surrendered their keys at the hospital, and daily thereafter, Dr. Smead, Mr. Hall, Mr. Willand, each in a boat or a car with a helper, made the rounds and fed the animals, carrying back to the hospital those that required special care.

Monday, March 23, conditions remained about the same. Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Women's Auxiliary, made a trip to Springfield and presented the hospital with several gasoline lamps, which greatly relieved the lighting situation. Up to this time the entire male staff had worked practically 24 hours a day, catching a few minutes' or an hour's sleep whenever they could. Miss Smith and Miss Wynn worked the clock around in rotation. There was never help enough at the hospital, but somehow the work was done. It was endless, but it was done. The next two days were without special event. The flood was subsiding and some of the people were beginning to get back to their homes. As fast as conditions permitted, the animals were returned.

How many animals were cared for during the flood had not been tabulated at the time of this writing, but as late as March 29 some 250 were still being hospitalized. The list included dogs, cats, canaries, parrots, rabbits, pigs, horses, etc., some of which had been received from their owners and many picked up as strays. Hundreds of others were fed daily in their homes. Altogether the preservation of animal life by the Society during the flood was large. The value of organization work in the saving of life was marked, but not more so than its value in the preserving of life as instanced in the feeding of animals marooned in their homes. Otherwise, large numbers of these must have died from hunger and thirst, as it was impossible for the authorities to permit the people themselves to care for them.

It was a pretty grim fight while it lasted, but the situation was not without its lighter moments. One day a woman walked into the hospital with a parrot perched on her shoulder. There was no proper cage for the bird, but a box was wired as a makeshift and Polly was put into it. Another parrot in a nearby cage greeted the newcomer with a raucous cry of, "What's the matter, what's the matter?" To which the latter responded with a burst of Homeric laughter. The other bird joined in, and for the next few minutes the place resounded with ill-timed hilarity. Finally, the lady who had brought the bird evidently had enough of it and said, "Good-bye, Polly, I'm going now." Whereupon the other parrot craned his neck through the bars of his cage, cocked his head on one side, and said, "Where?" This also was considered a joke by the birds and they went into another spasm of laughter.

The following was clipped from a Springfield newspaper of March 24:

"Two newspaper men driving through the restricted zone in the North end section late yesterday afternoon were hailed by a naval reserve officer, who asked if they knew any way a maternity case could be removed. The newsmen were somewhat surprised over the matter-of-fact manner in which the question was asked and inquired for further details. The officer pointed to the front entrance of a chain grocery store at Donald and Main Streets, where a small basket was resting. 'We have a cat and a kitten there,' the man explained. 'Oh, is that all? Put it in the car and we will take it to the S. P. C. A. hospital on Bliss Street.'

"The officer brought over the basket, the reporters looked. 'How many kittens did you say were in the basket?' they asked. 'One,' the officer explained. 'Well, there are two now,' the reporters chorused, and they started the run to the hospital. Arriving at the Bliss Street headquarters of the S. P. C. A., the reporters announced they had a cat and two kittens. The attendant started to fill out the slip. 'How many kittens did you say there were?' he asked.

"Two," replied the reporters.

"Look again," said the S. P. C. A. man. "There are three."

"Oh, well, just put down cat and kittens," the reporters said, rushing out of the building before quintuplets should arrive."

#### Greater Needs Than Ever

The data for this plain write-up of the Springfield flood were furnished by Dr. A. R. Evans. In his notes, often jotted down with hands blue from the cold, he was unsparing in praise of his associates. "Not once," he says, "did any member of our staff of workers grumble or complain. During the whole trying period, when everybody was almost at the breaking point through overwork and lack of sleep, not one impatient word was spoken."

Nor did Dr. Evans speak a word of himself in the rough narrative he wrote. It was all about the wonderful work and the loyal devotion to duty of Dr. Smead and his other associates. The latter, however, are not so reticent concerning Dr. Evans' share of the achievement. They tell how he didn't have his clothes off for days, working the clock around, operating on animals with fingers stiff from the cold, attending the sick creatures day and night, feeding the animals, cleaning out their cages, cooking special food for those who needed it, doing three men's work at the least.

"The people here in Springfield in many instances have lost all their possessions, and some have lost their homes," he concluded in his notes. "We haven't seen much sickness here yet, but we shall and will be prepared for it. The charity work of the hospital will necessarily increase from now on, and we will probably be the last organization to recover, as we usually are. I hope, however, that in the response of the public to human needs they will not forget our humble friends, the dumb animals. This area has been hard hit, and I suppose we will receive much less cash for work done at the hospital for months to come. But it will be too bad if it should turn out that way, because the field has broadened through this catastrophe and our needs are greater than ever before."



**"THREE MEN IN A CANOE," THIS VIEW SHOWS THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE S. P. C. A. MEN WORKED DURING THE FATEFUL DAYS AND NIGHTS**



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1863

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CLARKE, Pres.; Mrs. HARRY COLE, Treas.; Mrs.

AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

**Springfield Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. DONALD C.**

KIBBE, Pres.; Mrs. M. F. PETERSEN, Treas. Second

Thursday.

**Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. RICHARD S.**

TAYLOR, Pres.; Miss BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second

Thursday.

**Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—**

Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; Capt. WILLIAM K. YOUNGLOVE, Treas.

**MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES**

Miles traveled by humane officers . . .	13,290
Cases investigated . . . . .	483
Animals examined . . . . .	6,994
Animals placed in homes . . . . .	103
Lost animals restored to owners . . .	189
Number of prosecutions . . . . .	2
Number of convictions . . . . .	2
Horses taken from work . . . . .	20
Horses humanely put to sleep . . .	29
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,413
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals inspected . . . . .	56,361
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep . . . . .	56

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Elsie Fay Loeffler of Medfield, and Adele C. Parmenter of Los Angeles, California.

April 14, 1936.

**ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL**

**and Dispensary for Animals**

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

**Springfield Branch**

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Veterinarians**

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

**HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH**

**Including Springfield Branch**

<b>Hospital</b>		<b>Dispensary</b>	
Cases entered	933	Cases	2,281
Dogs	673	Dogs	1,807
Cats	234	Cats	424
Birds	18	Birds	41
Horses	6	Rabbits	3
Sheep	1	Goats	2
Rabbit	1	Horses	2
		Monkey	1
		Turtle	1
Operations 1,010			
Hospital cases since opening, Mar.			
1, 1915 . . . . .		137,645	
Dispensary Cases . . . . .		331,176	
Total . . . . .		468,821	

**The Month in the Springfield Branch**

Cases entered in Hospital . . . . .	199
Cases entered in Dispensary . . . . .	372
Operations . . . . .	162

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

**The Commonwealth of Massachusetts**

By His Excellency

JAMES M. CURLEY

GOVERNOR

**A PROCLAMATION**

1936

Here in Boston, the American Humane Education Society was founded in 1889 by George Thorndike Angell for the purpose of fostering a spirit of sympathy for all living creatures. This organization has now become nation-wide in its educational work.

This year, Sunday, April 19, is set aside as "Humane Sunday," and the week beginning April 20 as "Be Kind to Animals Week." Therefore, I, James M. Curley, do hereby set aside the week of April 20 to April 25, 1936, as

**BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK**

and ask both young and old to remember the just treatment that should be afforded all living creatures, recalling the loyalty, devotion and sacrifice of many of them to their masters. I urge that this week be fittingly observed in all the schools of the Commonwealth and that the teachers of these schools inculcate in various ways the great lesson of humane treatment of our dumb animals.

GIVEN at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixtieth.

By His Excellency the Governor,

JAMES M. CURLEY

FREDERICK W. COOK

Secretary of the Commonwealth

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

**Judge Thomas H. Dowd's Dogs**

"Tim" and "Jerry," lively Irish terriers owned by Judge Thomas H. Dowd of Suffolk Superior Court, left their home in Brookline one night in March and went all the way to the Angell Animal Hospital where they scratched on the door and aroused the night attendant. The next day Mrs. Dowd, upon enquiry, was pleased to find her dogs safe. They had previously been to the Hospital for baths.







Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

#### Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

#### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR MARCH, 1936

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 858  
Number of addresses made, 400  
Number of persons in audiences, 52,838

### Prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi

**L**ORD, make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith, where there is darkness, light; where there is despair, hope; and where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

## For Parents and Teachers

**T**HE keynote of the coming National Congress of Parents and Teachers is to be "The Relation of the Home to Character Formation." This is precisely the title which President Francis H. Rowley of the American Humane Education Society has chosen for an attractive booklet that has just been printed. In a dozen carefully written pages, Dr. Rowley, from the standpoint of a parent and a teacher, has made a swift survey of this whole subject.

The writer traces the need of "an awakened sense of moral ideals," back of all the training that can be given in home or school or college. Quoting philosophers, scientists and others, he leads up not only to the significant statement of Pestalozzi that "Education should begin from the cradle," but also to the striking statement of J. Edgar Hoover of the U. S. Department of Justice, that "Crime begins in America today in the cradle."

He discusses parental responsibility with plain words, and points out the supremacy of "what we are" over precept. The concluding paragraphs very concisely sum up what is meant by Humane Education and show that its goal is not primarily the animal but the child whose character is trained through the reaction upon it of the principles of justice and compassion finding expression in conduct and life.

While intended principally for parents and teachers, a copy of the pamphlet will be sent free upon application to any address. For quantities, send for special prices to the American Humane Education Society, Boston.

## "Shipmate"

This is the title of a 32-page booklet by Clarence Hawkes, the blind writer of Hadley, Mass. "Shipmate" is a dog whose attachment to his drunken owner is described with a tenderness that reminds one of Galsworthy or of Loti. In all the forty-odd volumes from this prolific author, many of which have been reviewed in these columns, we have found nothing quite so touching, quite so gripping as the graphic portrayal of Shipmate's career. It is, incidentally, a powerful temperance story. Some readers will feel that a different denouement, one of less religious significance, would have been preferable so far as the human element is concerned, but this does not affect the interest aroused in the dog himself. Every "dog" man, woman and child, will wish to read this pamphlet which is bound in heavy paper and published privately. In the recent disastrous flood Mr. Hawkes lost nearly all his stock of books and manuscripts, but while they last he will mail copies of "Shipmate" for 25 cents each. Address, Clarence Hawkes, Hadley, Mass.

Johnny: "Aren't you driving rather fast, Father?"

Father: "You don't want to be late to school, do you?"

Johnny (thoughtfully): "No-o. But I'd much rather be late than absent!"

## Questions

*Is there not something in the pleading eye  
Of the poor brute that suffers, which  
arraigns*

*The law that bids it suffer? Has it not  
A claim for some remembrance in the book  
That fills its pages with the idle words  
Spoken of man? Or is it only clay,  
Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,  
Yet all his own to treat it as he will,  
And when he will to cast it at his feet,  
Shattered, dishonored, lost for evermore?  
My dog loves me, but could he look beyond  
His earthly master, would his love extend  
To Him who—hush! I will not doubt that  
He*

*Is better than our fears, and will not wrong  
The least, the meanest of created things.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## American Fondouk, Fez

Report for February, 1936 — 29 Days

Daily average large animals	52	
Forage for same		\$ 69.70
Daily average dogs	8.5	
Forage for same		8.20
Put to sleep	20	5.50
Transportation		9.92
Wages, grooms, etc.		56.70
Superintendent's salary		116.74
Veterinary's salary		30.02
Sundries		35.35
		\$332.13

Entries: 9 horses, 7 mules, 60 donkeys.

Exits: 6 horses, 2 mules, 30 donkeys.

Outpatients treated: 32 horses, 84 mules, 60 donkeys, 5 cows, 5 dogs.

**SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES:**—Kilometres traveled, 137; Cases investigated, 334; animals seen, 3,174; animals treated, 796; animals transferred to Fondouk American, 55; pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 14.

#### A DAY'S WORK:

**WEDNESDAY, 12th:** Fine weather. 8 A. M. Usual work of treating animals. A native came with a cow (outpatient) sick with congestion of udder. As it is a bad case, sent it to Service de l'Elevage. We have not very bad cases in Hospital today. At 10 o'clock took bus to Bab Etouh. Inspected potters' quarter, 23 native Fondouks, and some animals on way. Saw 180 animals, treated 50, hospitalized 4 donkeys. Ending at 12 o'clock, went directly home and sent stable boy with the 4 donkeys to the Fondouk. P. M. At 2:30 went to Fondouk. At 3 o'clock left for Bou Jeloud, Talaa and Kasba de Ncur inspection, through Fes Jedid. Visited souks from there to Moulay Idriss and Attarine. Inspected 17 native Fondouks, saw 107 animals, treated 34, hospitalized 3 donkeys. Returned to Fondouk through Talaa Kebira. Stayed one hour at Bab Mahrouk inspecting donkeys loaded with lime and gravel. One of the donkeys we hospitalized had its flanks bleeding from poisoned goads. Ordered owner to unload his animal at the gate. Destroyed his bad pack-saddle. Returned to Fondouk through Place Baghdadi (where stopped and hospitalized one very lame donkey, which had been treated with red-hot irons on shoulder.

## Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

## Not All Sparrows Are English

BENNETT B. SMITH

LINCOLN once said that the Lord must have loved the common people because he made so many of them. And I am wondering if the same cannot be said of the sparrow, since there are so many of them. Then, too, the Bible says something about



ENGLISH SPARROW

not even a sparrow falling without the Father's notice.

The name sparrow more than likely suggests to you the little, common fellow which is seen in such great numbers in all regions of the country and in nearly all lands, picking in the streets—the English sparrow.

But all sparrows are not of this kind, and some you might wonder that they are called sparrows at all, they seem so different.

The English sparrow just mentioned and so well known is common almost everywhere. There are more of this kind than any other bird. It remains close to man, and where there are no inhabitants this sparrow does not stay; he refuses to remain alone. The bird is the only one that many children of cities, especially New York, have ever seen. It is the only bird that likes a congested condition of living, almost all other birds desiring a quiet, man-free abode.

A story is told of a man who once put a sparrow egg in the nest of the sparrow's cousin, the canary. When the egg hatched the bird learned the songs of the canary and sang with enthusiasm. But, one day when the door of the cage came open, the sparrow escaped and was lost to his owner. Months later a sparrow with a broken wing was found by a little girl and taken home. One day, when it was well again, the sparrow broke out in a beautiful canary song. The family was greatly surprised and a newspaper carried the story. The original owner read the story and, in court, proved his ownership and took the bird back.

The English sparrow is a native of

Europe. In 1850 several pairs were brought over to the United States. These died, but later over a thousand were released in Philadelphia. In 1864 twenty-eight birds were taken to Topeka, Kansas, where only five survived and they were released. From these importations the country has been densely populated with the English sparrow. Many have been found in Utah and have been destructive to the weevil of alfalfa.

But all sparrows have not had the career that the one from England has had. There are others less well known.

The song sparrow is another of this family that is abundant. It is a hardy bird and often remains in the north during the winter, although many go south. The song, which resembles the canary's, is very musical and pleasing. Although this bird may be found around houses, he prefers bushes, vines, and hedges and here he builds his nest, but, if these are not found suitable, he may build on the ground.

It has been observed by naturalists that



SONG SPARROW

the song sparrow does not sing so enthusiastically when he goes south for the winter but renews his efforts on returning north again. This appears to be a characteristic of the songbirds — reserving their musical efforts for their summer homes and while nesting.

The vesper sparrow gets its name from the habit of beginning its song as evening comes on, a song that resembles that of the song sparrow. The two birds are similar. The vesper is a shy fellow and likes to inhabit roadsides and dry pastures and here builds his nest of coarse reeds and lines it with grasses and hairs.

The vesper sparrow is an insect eater and is especially fond of grasshoppers and beetles, as well as cutworms and army worms. He is a great asset to the farmer and should be well protected for the good he

does.

One of the best known and best loved sparrows is the chippy or chipping. His name comes from the familiar little "chip, chip, chip," so pleasant to hear. He is a companionable bird and builds his nest in vines or shrubs around porches, provided he is not molested. His appearance is similar to the tree sparrow.

The inexperienced may confuse another sparrow—the field—with the chipping or even the tree sparrow. There are some distinguishing marks, however, as the white breast and white stripe over each eye of the chipping sparrow, the dark spot in the breast of the tree sparrow, and the red colored bill and plain breast of the field sparrow. The field sparrow appears to like heat for, no matter how hot or dry the surroundings, he lives happily. Dry fields or burned-over ground are favorites of this bird. The nest which is a weak affair is placed in weeds or bushes or even on the ground.

Many other sparrows, more or less similar and worthy, could be mentioned, but one more must have attention. This is the white-throated sparrow. Although this bird is plentiful, to many he is known only by his song because he likes best to remain near a woods and feed in the underbrush or leaves. The white-throat is rated as the best singer and the most beautiful of all the sparrow family. Laws have been passed in some states protecting this bird because of his value in eating many weed seeds. He is always busy on the ground and is often seen with song sparrows and juncos.

There are other sparrows—the savanna, a quiet retiring bird; the grasshopper, so named because of the insect-like tone of its voice; the seaside; the fox; and others. And how different and how far removed from the little chattering English sparrows, so common, yet they are a part of the same family.



CHIPPING SPARROW

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight hundred and seventy-nine new Bands of Mercy were reported during March. Of these 261 were in Illinois, 186 in Texas, 121 in Georgia, 97 in Massachusetts, 96 in Florida, 67 in South Carolina, 22 in Pennsylvania, 12 in Virginia, 5 each in California and Tennessee, 2 in Oregon, and 1 each in British West Indies, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Oklahoma and Syria.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 216,216.



ANIMATED AND ALERT

## For the Lawyers

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "are you a resident here?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I've been here goin' on fifty years. What kin I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," said the stranger. "Have you any here?"

"Well," said the other, "we're pretty sure we have, but we can't prove it."

Troy (N. Y.) Record

Deer in Alaska, exclusive of domesticated reindeer, number approximately 42,500. Bears are set at 10,700, moose 520, mountain goats 8,300, mountain sheep 1,525.

It is estimated that there are 8,500,000 dog owners in America who represent a canine investment of \$500,000,000. Surely this must go far towards proving that the dog is man's best friend.

## Aristocrat

MARY WARD

*Right royally you wear your furs,  
While your unconscious ego purrs.  
From out the dusk your starry eyes  
In candle-light blink their surprise.  
With graceful motions ever fleet  
You pirouette on dancing feet.  
You are a small aristocrat—  
My dainty little Persian cat.*

## "Pockets"

GENEVIEVE V. HUNT

I HAVE always been fond of animals, but never relished the idea of having a white rat for a pet. One afternoon, however, when Paul came dashing home from school with a bulge in his blouse pocket, I took one peek and instantly lost my heart to the pink-eyed baby rat that was cuddled inside.

Instead of being repulsive looking as I imagined it would be, the tiny creature was as white and soft as a downy new powder puff.

That was over a year ago, and since then "Pockets," as we have named him, has developed into a handsome big fellow with a friendly disposition that has captivated the whole family.

Whenever we have company, Pockets likes to show off by doing tricks. One of them is to walk a tight stretched wire. As a circus performer uses a parasol or pole to balance himself, he uses his long, strong tail. When he comes to the end of the wire he sits up very straight and waits to be petted.

He is rather fussy about his bed and has his own particular style of making it. First he tears rags into small bits with his sharp teeth, until they are as fluffy as feathers. Then he forms them into a round nest, and kneads them into place with his paws. During this process he stops a number of times to try out the bed. When it is completed to his satisfaction, he carefully washes himself, then curls up for a much deserved rest.

I was under the impression that the only sound made by white rats was a disagreeable squeak. Imagine my surprise, one day, when I heard a musical, cooing sound flowing from our pet's throat. I have since discovered that he sings whenever he is especially pleased about something.

Pockets is a glutton for pine nuts, and seems to know as soon as they are brought into the house. Standing on his hind feet with his long whiskers combing the air, he will beg until he is rewarded. It is interesting to watch the dexterous manner in which he nibbles off the end of the nut and removes the kernel.

On warm, sunny days Paul often takes Pockets out into the yard to dig in the sandpile, and if by chance a strange cat or dog should happen too near, Pockets will scamper to Bob, our old Shepherd dog, for protection. The two animals have become very close friends, and it is a never ending source of attraction for the neighbors when the white rat goes for a ride on Bob's back, or cuddles up close to the old dog for a nap.

## Humane Education in the Garden

ELLA MCELLIGOTT

NOW that spring days have come, hosts of garden enthusiasts are busy outdoors, digging, spading, and preparing the ground for planting. Their determined rakes will rout from home and burrowing place, countless worms, grubs, and insects that have had full possession of the ground during winter months.

Great destruction of small life goes on in the garden yearly, some of it unnecessarily, but it is against the manner in which worms and insects are destroyed, that I would particularly speak.

I have seen gardeners half kill a caterpillar, worm, or bug, by knocking it a careless blow with a stone or handy instrument, and then leave the unfortunate creature to wiggle in pain until merciful nature ended its life. Others upon finding a little worm in the patch of ground they are tending, will cut it into a dozen pieces, with a viciousness that is puzzling. Children who pull off the wings and feet from flies and other insects, likely may have gotten their ideas of torment from observing a grown-up work in the garden.

If one must kill, even though it be only something that creeps and crawls, kill quickly and humanely, and be certain the tiny thing is truly dead before you cast it aside. Remember anything that has life, no matter what its size, has a sense of feeling, and will suffer if tortured or mutilated.

Many of the so-called garden pests render invaluable aid. Worms by their boring aerate the soil, break it up and make it more pliable. Without their ceaseless toil, the ground would be hard-packed and lifeless, and the gardener's efforts would bear little fruit. Grubs, insects, and other ground residents, ugly though they be, keep down the crop of smaller insects, and maintain a balance among the countless forms of life found in the earth.

Rather than to kill right and left without thinking, one should endeavor to let each creature have its day and go about its business of gathering food and finding shelter. The use of insecticides will keep many insects away from flowers, and not make it necessary constantly to keep exterminating them. If your spade tosses up a worm, instead of destroying it, why not let it find a home in another corner of the yard away from prized flowers?

This attitude of tenderness toward things that crawl may sound weak and sentimental. Yet, however, if we have compassion for dumb creatures, should it not extend to the lowest order of life?

The gardener will discover, however, that a sympathetic regard for the tiniest of creatures, will awaken his heart to the many wonders of nature about us, and will fill him with a kindness and understanding that will make his days peaceful and happy.

As we go to press, indications point to a record-breaking celebration of Be Kind to Animals Week this year. See our next (June) issue for full reports.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



AN ARIZONA GIRL AND HER PET

## Missing "Bird" Words

ALFRED I. TOOKE

HAVE you ever noticed that the names of several birds are used as ordinary words in regular conversation quite often? In the following twelve sentences the "bird" words have been left out and dashes put in their places - - - - one dash for each letter in the missing word, which may help you to guess them.

1. There was not enough wind to fly a - - - - so we played ball.
2. When I went to - - - I made a home run.
3. Near our ball field great - - - - - hoisted girders onto railway cars.
4. A hobo tried to light a fire but I saw his match - - - - - and go out.
5. He scooped himself a - - - - - of water from a barrel on the tracks.
6. It was so bitter he could not - - - - - it.
7. He boasted he could - - - - his wares without buying a license.
8. You should have seen him - - - - - when the policeman caught him at it.

9. He told the policeman he did it just for a - - - -.
10. Some of the railroad men gathered for a - - - - about old times.
11. But one of them did nothing but grumble and - - - - - about hard times.
12. When we got back up town Main Street was decorated with - - - - -

Correct answers will be given on Children's Page next month.

## The Pretzel Man

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

A PRETZEL man comes through a town I know. He drives a nice pony in a small covered wagon. The boys and girls like his pretzels, big soft ones, and especially so because most of the pretzels made are hard ones and much smaller, too.

One day after a long round of hauling the pretzel wagon some of the boys and girls saw their pretzel man making the pony run up a hill on the road to the man's home.

The next time he came round they patted the pony and then they said to his master, "We don't want any pretzels today."

"And why not?" he quickly asked. "They're better than ever."

"Yes, we believe that. But we saw you making the pony run up a hill when you drove him home last week. We were on a hike and saw this from across a meadow. We won't buy any pretzels from you any more unless you promise us to be good to the pony all the time, and we'll tell all our friends not to buy any. Will you promise?"

The pretzel man then made a very poor excuse as to why it was necessary to get home as fast as he could that day, but he made the promise for he knew that all those boys and girls meant just what they said.

Ever since the pony looks as if he is getting better care and more kindness.

These boys and girls taught this man a good lesson and helped to make this pony's life easier.

## At Dusk

RUTH STIRLING BAUER

*How lovely is a tree at dusk  
Rocking a cradle-nest,  
How gentle are the winds that sing  
The tiny birds to rest!*

*How beautiful are little lambs  
Within a peaceful fold,  
How kind the sky that spreads for them  
Its canopy of gold!*

*How peaceful are the herds that lie  
Among the grasses deep;  
How wonderful that dusk should bring  
This miracle of sleep!*

## For "Johnny," Growing Old

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*If he cannot run as he used to run,  
Nor hold his head as high;  
His step is still an eager step,  
And light is in his eye.*

*The pasture's his with all the grass  
Across a sloping hill;  
I turned him loose and said that he  
Could rest and eat his fill.*

*And he's remembered certain things,  
Though he has grown older—  
He likes to come and lay his head  
Softly on my shoulder.*

*And when he trots across the grass  
In answer to my call,  
I think that there are other things  
That matter not at all.*

*For other horses can be swift,  
And there are colts a-plenty;  
But where am I to find a horse  
As faithful when he's twenty?*

## Monkeys in South Africa

**M**OST people seem to be interested in watching monkeys whenever they have the chance. If you go to any zoo you will always find crowds round the monkey cages. Sometimes you see them huddled up in corners, looking very miserable, and at other places where they are better cared for you will see them racing about after each other and running to the bars to snatch a visitor's offering of fruit, and sometimes they take French leave and carry off a pair of spectacles or a glove. They are full of mischief and life.

But in England we rarely see monkeys living their own lives, which would be much more interesting, and I have just been reading an article about monkeys at Durban, which a lady who lives in South Africa has sent me. I would like you to know how very different these little fellows must find life compared with that of some of their brothers who are caught and caged and shipped and condemned for the rest of their lives to be captives in a foreign land.

Before Man went exploring in Durban it was the country of the wild animals, and when the first Europeans arrived, they found valleys and forests and hills full of elephants, lions, antelopes and monkeys.

Gradually all these animals were killed or driven into the bush away from the big city we now call Durban. But the "blue" monkey has been allowed to remain so far, though gradually more trees are cleared away and these monkeys are being driven further back.

I am very glad to tell you, however, that the Corporation of Durban will not permit anyone to interfere with or hurt these animals in any way.

These monkeys are equally interested in our ways. They love to invade the houses and delight in looking-glasses and hand-mirrors, in investigating ladies' powder puffs and other human belongings. Very inquisitive and, of course, intelligent, are monkeys.

They find their own food in the fruits of the place and their beds in the forest branches. And when there is a plague of locusts—as lately happened—these monkeys do good service by devouring the harmful insects. They also find occasional feasts from "flying ants," another unwelcome visitor to men and women.

About the baby monkeys we read this:

"If the adult monkeys are interesting to watch, their babies are doubly so. When they are first born, they are practically helpless, and cling with feet and hands like grim death to the fur of their mothers. A proud mother will pass her offspring round to the other dames, who subject it to a close scrutiny. When they have satisfied their curiosity the baby is passed back to the mother and the party breaks up.

"Like our own children, the young of monkeys have to go through a period of schooling. When he is a few weeks old, mother decides that it is high time that Jack should be learning to walk. She frees herself from his embrace and, holding his hand gently in her own, she slowly leads him along, looking closely the while to see that he is putting his best foot foremost. The poor little chap cuts a pitiful figure as he sways and lurches along, but mother thinks he is too cute for words, and she catches him up into her arms again and he parks himself in his old position. If Jack should fall from the branch of a tree there is always some aunt or cousin to rush forward, pick him up, dust him down, and hand him back to mother."

—Cape Times Supplement

Here are the dates for our annual celebration next year—Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12-17, 1937.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

## The Forgotten Dog

LOIS MANOR MARMON

**W**E have heard much in the past few years about the forgotten man but I would call attention to the forgotten dog. No—not just a forgotten dog but any forgotten animal that might be someone's pet.

Recently I saw a cartoon that will do more good (to those who paid attention to it) than anything one might write on this subject. The picture was in two parts. The upper section showed a man and his wife stretched out on the warm sands basking in the sunshine of a southern resort. They were complimenting themselves that they had forgotten none of the things necessary to closing their home in the North before going South to enjoy two months' vacation. They remarked to each other that the windows had all been tightly latched; they hadn't forgotten to turn off the water or drain the pipes. The husband had remembered to have the electricity and gas shut off. The wife had notified the mail carrier, the paper boy and the milkman of their departure. No, they hadn't forgotten a single thing necessary to closing the house.

The lower picture showed a snow-covered cottage. The ground was covered with snow and to every window and door there was not just one track in the snow but several where their little dog had gone again and again trying in vain to get in. There he sat on the porch—a wistful, neglected and forlorn object.

The cartoon made me feel sad for I knew it was all too true. I knew I couldn't gather up all the dogs, or cats, whose owners had gone away and left them stranded, but I could do something for the animals who came my way. And so I have tried to befriend them whenever I could by keeping food and water available at all times, and a refuge for them, if they will accept it.

If you are going away on a vacation, winter or summer—one is as important as the other—and cannot take your pet with you, I urge you to make some provision for him at home. Don't forget your pet and leave him to the uncertain mercies of anyone who chances along. Make definite arrangements for his welfare and you will be repaid many times over for your thoughtfulness.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

Address all communications to Boston.

## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

## RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

